

Gilbert



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So Many Prominent Citizens are Suffering from this Mysterious New Disease, that Dr. Bliss might Establish a Sanitarium of his Own, in Opposition to Lakewood.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER A. SCHV. ARZMANN  
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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INDEX TO VOLUME XVIII.  
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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

## VOLUME XIX.

JUST such a rainy March, nine years ago,  
PUCK came to end the Winter's sleet and  
snow.

To-day he greets you, with a mind serene,  
And introduces to you Vol Nineteen.

THERE is a very old bit of Latin, worn at the elbows and frayed at the seams, that has been bandied about so long that almost every one is familiar with it; and one is ashamed to let it out, so shabby has it grown. *Nunc quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*—Now, who shall guard the guards themselves? But people are apt to give a little more thought to the meaning of a phrase or a saying when they see it in a foreign language, and we shall take the liberty of dragging this question to the front once more, in its antique form.

\* \* \*

The New York tax-payer may well ask himself: "Who shall guard my guards?" The men who are set to look after his interests need more watching than do the interests. His municipal affairs are supposed to be in the hands of a Mayor, a Board of Aldermen and a number of "commissions"—subject to the constant interference of the Governor and the Legislature at Albany. In reality, they are in the hands of anybody who has money enough to buy a few of these officials to do his bidding. And it is not at all an extravagant statement to say that fully fifty per cent of them are purchasable, while those who will not exactly sell themselves for so much cash down are very largely influenced by promises of better places or of employment for their political followers. Of course, there are honest men among them—a good many, indeed—but they are in a hopeless minority.

## BETTER POSTED.



"Ma, what makes cats roam around nights?"

"You must ask your pa. He has probably made a study of their habits."

Last year the Board of Aldermen gave a railway company permission to run a line through the principal street of the city. For this privilege the company should have paid a heavy rental to the city, which is greatly in need of money, and is over-taxing its citizens. The Board of Aldermen gave away the franchise, as it is called—gave it to the company for nothing—for absolutely nothing. Such a thing is hard to believe; but they did it. They do not pretend that they were intoxicated or insane at the time of committing this act, consequently there is no possibility that they were influenced by anything but bad motives. It is generally understood that they were bought, for actual money, by the thoroughly unscrupulous man who managed the affairs of the railway company. In fact, this is a moral certainty.

\* \* \*

So the good Legislature at Albany appointed a "commission" to look into the matter. We have a great many "commissions" in New York already, and, for the most part, they cost us a good deal of money, and do us no manner of good. But this outside, special, temporary "commission" has been sent down to look into the matter. The "commission" engages lawyers to do the looking into. The principal lawyer is a showy ex-politician, of the so-called "practical" sort. He is a noisy and flippant man, who says rude things in a ponderous way; but he is not an uncommonly good lawyer. He has been at his work for two or three weeks now, and has called a long list of witnesses; but all that he has elicited from them is what everybody knew before—that the Broadway Surface Railroad Company is a mysterious and crooked organization, and that its managers do not want to tell anything about their business.

\* \* \*

One day's systematic questioning of any responsible officer of the company would have brought out all that this "commission" has got from all its witnesses, after repeated sessions—all except the valuable facts that Mr. Jacob

Sharp has an ailment that necessitates the frequent drinking of milk, and that when he does not want to answer a question he says: "I don't remember." And here you have it all—how the Board of Aldermen guards the New York tax-payer; how the Legislature guards the Board of Aldermen with a special "commission"; and how Mr. Conkling guards the special commission. And now, who will guard Mr. Conkling—and, through him, the unfortunate tax-payer? For, verily, they are both among bad men.

\* \* \*  
The Executive Session is a relic of the dark ages of the Republic. Its period of usefulness—if it ever had a period of usefulness—is past. It seems a simple enough fact that legislative bodies have no right to keep their proceedings secret from the people who elect them. Secrecy is a prerogative of Executive councils. To the President and his advisers, private deliberation is often necessary and eminently proper. But even the upper body of Congress has no right to have secrets from the people. And we trust that the bill to abolish the Executive Session will meet with—at least—decency consideration, in spite of the fact that Mr. John A. Logan is its most prominent advocate.

NOT LONG ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* sent out a circular to the great heads of Great Britain, to ascertain their opinion of the most important hundred books to be read for a liberal education. Sir John Lubbock had previously sent out a list on his own hook, and on this list he had a great many ancients, or chestnuts, if you will. Replies to the other circulars showed how great minds, like doctors, can disagree. Some wanted Camoëns, and others wouldn't have Hesiod at any price. The man that swore by Horace pronounced Aristophanes coarse and brutal, while the man who thought literature would be incomplete without Cervantes would not think of such a thing as admitting Ariosto and Dante Alighieri Allegretti. Having read these circulars carefully, we don't hesitate to say that PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1886 is more to be desired than Horace, with his apple-orchard on the Tiber thrown in; and that PICKINGS FROM PUCK, First Crop, (Seventeenth Edition now ready), is such a liberal educator in itself, that when one has it, it is not necessary to read Sallust, Virgil or Euripides. Price, twenty-five cents per copy. Mailed to any address on receipt of thirty cents.

## MISS CORNELIA O'KEEFE.

THE IRISHWOMAN ABROAD.

MISS Cornelia O'Keefe is an Irishwoman—pretty, proud and patriotic. All that her name implies of virtues, and all that her native land can give of logic and honesty, are hers. She wears a green necktie and a bunch of shamrocks on the "blissid Saint Patrick's Day," and enunciates "God Save Ireland" with due fervor on becoming occasions—though from whom and from what she omits to state.

Miss Cornelia has an hereditary as well as a national antipathy to the payment of rent at any time, in any form, under any circumstances. Nay, more, she has an unbounded discontent and dislike to any one who is weak enough to fulfill so absurd and unreasonable a contract. She regards such payments as an entirely needless extravagance, and she has precedent to go upon. She will tell you, with many gestures, how "Me father, rest his soul, the late Cornelius O'Keefe, Esquire, niver ped wan shillin' ov rint in his life, and, signs on it, we druv a ginteel ja'ntin'-car to the chapel of a Sunday, and had the hoighth of 'atin' and dhrinkin', and an iligant farrum, all for nothing. And when the owdl man, good luck to him, died, and the sheriff and bailiffs called on him about a fortnight afterward, and turned his little girl out, hadn't the black-hearted devil of a landlord to pay her fifty pounds compensation-money for the disturbance, and me havin' a mighty snug thing in the bank meself."

It was about this time that Miss Cornelia came to New York, which she had heard spoken of as "an iligant big country, where ivery wan was as good as another, and maybe a thrifle better." She also knew that it was a place where a great deal of money was raised in order to assist Irishmen to beat their landlords, so she naturally concluded that the odious word "rint" would never be heard in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But, alas, and alas! *O tempora! O mores!* America, which regards it as an outrage that an Irishman should be bothered about a little trumpery rent at home, insists that he shall pay his just debts incurred under the protecting folds of the star-spangled banner; and so Miss Cornelia found out.

She took an apartment in a tenement-house,

and her first month there was a tranquil and happy one. She was grieved and shocked, however, to discover from the conversation of her fellow-lodgers that those slavish and degraded beings were in the habit of paying their rent monthly. Vainly did she strive to kindle their dormant patriotism; vainly did she preach her national creed—those degenerate Irish, those stupid, slow-witted Germans by whom she was surrounded seemed to contemplate the approach of rent-day with positive equanimity, and no more dreamed of being suffered to live rent-free than if they were, as Miss Cornelia said, "no betther nor English pisints."

Miss O'Keefe, who had no conscientious scruples against promising rent, though she had against paying it, had told a pitiable and plausible story to the landlord, who had kindly consented to suspend in her favor the rule of "pay in advance"; so she had a whole month to turn herself around in and preach her imported doctrines. In vain. She was at length reduced to boycotting her neighbors, which she did by "letting them severely alone" as the Irish orators say. No longer would she borrow Frau Krauss's flat-iron. She would rather, she said, wear her most intimate garments "in the rough." She scorned to return Mrs. Higgins the frying-pan she had borrowed on Sunday, and ignored a loan of coal, soap and potatos which she had negotiated with Mrs. McGuinness. And when the end of the month showed her no more willing to settle up than had the beginning, and she was "set out on the sidewalk" with all her belongings, including the borrowed frying-pan, and when she learned that, so far from her being able to obtain compensation for disturbance, her landlord might sue her for the unpaid rent if he thought it worth while, Miss Cornelia's soul wilted within her, and she took the very next steamer for Ireland.

She will never leave her native land again, for, as she justly remarks: "It's the only country, begorra, where ye can git out of payin' yer rint."

She is looking for a farm, now. Irish landlords, come forward in your thousands and offer her a choice.

J. H. JESSOP.

## SPEECHLESS ENJOYMENT.



WIFE.—"Why are you so anxious for me to go down?"  
HUSBAND.—"Why, for ten minutes you can't open your mouth."

## KISMET.

He was a man;  
She was a woman;  
By divine plan,  
Both of them human.

She had a heart;  
He hadn't any;  
This is the part,  
Acted by many.

Days came and went,  
Into each blending—  
His loving spent;  
Hers never ending.

Into the world  
Of lone endeavor  
Her heart is hurled,  
Aching forever.

Into the world,  
Coldly inhuman,  
His hair is curled  
By sm' other woman.  
—WILL. J. LAMPTON.

FROM THE GERMAN.\*  
BLACK FRIDAY.—Robinson Crusoe's Body-Servant.

\* PUCK

## PUCKERINGS.



THE MULE'S LAMENT.  
The mule was lately happy;  
His breast was full of song.  
He thought that the millennium  
Had put an end to wrong.  
Because within a stable  
He stood the winter through,  
And dreamed ne was a nabob,  
With not a thing to do.

But now the spring is blooming,  
And the *Jemima Sal*  
Is floating, full of brickbats,  
Upon the thawed canal;  
And out upon the towpath  
Reluctant walks the mule,  
Annexed unto the hawser,  
And stormed with ridicule.  
  
What cares he for the daisies  
That whiten all the dell?  
What cares he for the bluebirds  
That nature's chorus swell?  
He'd rather in bleak winter  
Contented whisk his tail,  
Than in the songful spring-time  
Be hammered with a rail.  
  
"Get ap, you wall-eyed critter!  
Ho, there, get ap, go long!  
Whoa, January, dash, dash!"  
And language much more strong.  
Is heaped upon me daily;  
And life to me 'll be sweet  
The sunny hour I gather  
The driver with my feet.  
  
I'll make them keep their distance  
While I am hauling coal.  
They'll put on me my harness  
At long range with a pole.  
Come back, oh, snowy winter,  
And let me loaf a bit,  
And meanwhile gentle spring-time,  
Ethereal mildness, git!

## TURN-COATS—REVERSIBLE ULSTERS.

## THE LEATHER PATCH—Spruce Street.

## A TENEMENT HOUSE MYSTERY—The Cheap Cigar.

THE CLOTHES WRINGER is the hand-organ of the laundry.

A LITTLE SPLINTER will sometimes divert the greatest mind.

COCK-FIGHTS GENERALLY terminate on the spur of the moment.

THE MONSTER appendages now worn by ladies in lieu of a bustle are the sawdust swindle of 1886.

A MAN BOASTED that he had been bitten several times by both healthy and rabid dogs, and had never felt any symptoms of hydrophobia. It was afterward discovered he was a slave to the sausage habit.

AN EXCHANGE informs us that one hundred and fifty thousand fire-arms were recently shipped to Ireland. If England would only furnish them the ammunition, she would save herself the war which is now threatened.

WE KINDLY advise those of our great generals still surviving to hold off for a few years longer, as the many projects now on foot to erect monuments to the lately deceased are driving the patriotic into a state of bankruptcy.

YOU SHOULD beware of forgetfulness, young man; for it is often fatal, as in the case of the school-boy who, upon recovering from the sound thrashing received, made up his mind that never again would he so forget himself as to rise and say in recitation: "My name is Dennis; on the Grampian hills," etc.

## A LECTURER'S STORY

OF A VERY TRIFLING MISTAKE AND ITS PLEASANT RESULTS.

This is the story that was told me by Barnaby Barnhuller, the reformed lecturer:

"I can't recall the year, but it was a good while ago that I made an engagement by letter to deliver my then famous humorous lecture, 'The Bull-dog's Smile,' down at Dagsboro. You have heard the lecture yourself, and know full well how I was accustomed to almost paralyze intelligent audiences with it — how the most obscure announcement of my coming never failed to bring out the janitor of the hall and the local editor, even in the most inclement weather. 'The Bull-dog's Smile' was in its prime then, and I took it to Dagsboro with perfect self-assurance that it would reach the laughers of the solemnest, and shake out the shoe-pegs of the painfully grim and sedate. I did not know anything about it at the time I made the engagement, but it all came out afterward, and in a very annoying sort of way, too, that the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, the great archaeologist, had been engaged by another committee to deliver his great lecture, 'The Universal Deluge,' in the same town and on the same evening. I was to run on the fountains of my humor in one hall, and the Rev. Potts was to review the Deluge in the other, for there were but two in Dagsboro. I learned later, too, that there was a strong sentiment against my style of humor in Dagsboro, and that the Potts lecture had been arranged by the opposition party to draw away the people from 'The Bull-dog's Smile.'

"Trains that carry lecturers are liable to delays. The one that carried me on this occasion held up with a hot-box or something, and set me down in Dagsboro half-an-hour after the time announced for the lecture to begin. A young man met me at the train, nervously asked if I were the lecturer, and, receiving an affirmative reply, hurried me off to the hall and on the stage without as much as a word of introduction to the audience.

"The hall was packed, and I never saw a more solemn congregation of folks at any funeral I ever attended. What with the delay on the road and the hurry from the train to the hall, I was a bit nervous; but with the opening sentences I regained my usual composure.

"I let loose in rapid succession a few of my choicest gems of humor, and then paused to note the effect. You could have heard a sixty-days' note fall due, and there wasn't a smile on a face before me. I was perplexed. I had never, in all my professional life, struck an audience so hard to fetch as that. But I was not easily discouraged in those days, and, besides, I was loaded to the muzzle with fun. I

brought out my most effective ammunition. I described the unfortunate woer fleeing from the foot of an irate parent, and in my most beautiful imagery pictured him attempting to climb the five-rail fence in his way, while the family bull-dog clung to the slack of his trousers, oblivious of the mysterious future, and forgetful of the dead and silent past. I told of the honorable and scantily clad citizen pursuing the wayward spotted steer round and round his garden at midnight's solemn hour. I sung of the cook and the kerosene-can, and of the gathering of the remains in the adjoining county, and I warbled also of the long red wasp in the Sunday trousers of the pious man who had never learned to swear. And yet there was not a smile. Faces before me that were but a foot in length at the beginning, now, to my excited imagination, seemed to have lengthened to a yard. But I went on. I marshaled my broadest and hard-

est hitting jokes, and marched them in merriest step before those rows of solemn faces; but I looked in vain for one little smile. I was mad. I was half tempted to take up a club I had seen on the stage and go out among those people and show them that the feelings of a humorist could not thus be wantonly trifled with for even as much as one hundred dollars per night.

"My audience was respectful, but totally unresponsive, and at last, thoroughly disgusted, I cut my lecture short off, left the stage, received my fee from the young man who had met me at the train, went to the nearest hotel, and locked myself in my room.

"The first man I saw on the train next morning was my old friend, the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts. The meeting was a mutual surprise. Neither of us knew the other had been in Dagsboro.

"I lectured there last night on 'The Universal Deluge,' said Mr. Potts, in answer to my query: 'and such an unmannerly audience may the blessings of an over-ruling Providence spare me from ever meeting again. They smiled at my finest word-painting, they laughed uproariously at my most tear-starting passages, and at my grandest climaxes they just got up and stamped their feet and howled. When I was describing the animals coming from the Ark in grand and solemn procession, perhaps the most deeply pathetic passage in my lecture, one man howled himself into a fit, and had to be carried out. I tell you, friend Barnhuller, I don't want to ever pass through such another experience. I am almost tempted to leave the platform forever.'

"The thing was as plain as daylight, now. The men who had met us at the train had blundered. The Rev. Mr. J. Potts had lectured to those who had assembled to hear me tell of the bull-dog's smile, and I had talked to those who wanted light on the universal Deluge. When Mr. Potts had heard my experience, he seemed to be annoyed, though I cannot now see why he should have been. His lecture, if he spoke the truth, was a tremendous success. I only had cause to feel hurt.

"During the following two months I received six offers to repeat my lecture at Dagsboro at double my regular rates, and I sent every one of them to the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, who treated them with silent contempt. Some men would have been proud of a colossal success like that," concluded Mr. Barnhuller: "but the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, the eminent archaeologist and able commentator on the universal Deluge, was not."

SCOTT WAY.

## AT THE SMITH-JONES MUSICALE.



"You are quite well up in the music of the future, I suppose, Mr. Bildersleeve?"

"Yath; I can do 'Golden Slippers' and 'Climbing Up de Golden Stairs' on the banjo, and thith week the Pwfessor is going to bwing me 'The Thweet By'me By.'"

"How charming to be so proficient!"

"Yath, but it'h a thevere mental stwain."

## CUPID'S WEATHER BULLETIN.



Fair Weather.



Very Warm.



Changeable and Stormy.

Extreme Cold Weather, with Terrific Cyclones.  
—J. Oppen

## FEARFUL THINGS.

DESIRING to sup full of horrors, and looking over the bill-of-fare for something especially tart, the poet suddenly exclaims:

"Tis a fearful thing in winter to be shattered in the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder: 'Cut away the mast!'

"Tis, 'tis it? I don't think 'tis. To hear a "rattling" trumpet thunder might strike a sane man as a trifle abnormal; but it would not particularly frighten him whether it thundered "Cut-away the mast," or "Prince Albert the ship's husband." And it is no more fearful, *aussi loin que je puisse voir*, to be shattered in the blast than to be shattered in the upper story.

There are many things more fearful than this one imagined by the poet. Uncqnsciously he points out one of them himself:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs."

Drunkenness is, indeed, a fearful thing. In this instance, it betrayed the captain into choosing his language from a dime-novel. After procuring the drink which he staggered downstairs for, he probably stated that they were "foiled," or even "baffled."

But if we would contemplate really fearful things, we cannot go amiss. War is full of them.

It is a fearful thing to have a cannon-ball, in winter, strike off both legs—of your horse—just as you have nerved yourself to eclipse the record for a rapid retreat.

It is a fearful thing for a captain to see a brave

lieutenant stricken down at his side, when, if the lead had but swerved a hair's breadth, it would have severed the cardiac artery of a major, and given the captain his long-delayed promotion.

It is a fearful thing, when your fate runs with the seconds, to find the barber-shop full of Esaus.

And a fearful thing, in summer,  
'T is to hear, through windows wide,  
The nation's total stock of air  
Right through a cornet slide.

It is a fearful thing to be in secret a pretty girl, and then to find your friends drawing comparisons between you and an adobe fence.

It is a fearful thing for a young man to be so intellectual and poetic that people shake their heads and give him up—for an idiot.

It is a fearful thing to be conglomerated in a railroad accident; to have your ribs driven into the ground, your neck broken and your clothes considerably frayed just as you are making a trip to visit your best girl. And then, would it not crown your discomfiture to find the track from New York to Chicago passing *via* your diaphragm, so that you would have to go to one town or the other to get off the string? It would.

And it is not at all nice—now, suppose you are all ready to go somewhere—to church or anywhere, and it comes up a storm and thunders and lightens, and the grass gets wet and the electric fluid hits you some place and kills you, so you can't go, and you leave a widow—

that is very bad, especially if she is a very pretty widow that you were just about to marry, and she is worth a million dollars, and you are not, so that you love her with a love that is more than love, and believe that Shakspere wrote: "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment" anticipating your own case.

But the most fearful thing was a fearful thing that befell a gentleman of Vermont during the late Rebellion. He rather thought the cruel war would be over in a few days, and so, instead of procuring substitutes for his six sons, he allowed them to proceed to the front. He said it would be only a nice trip for the boys. But at the end of four years, when the boys had all been slain, and the country demanded the old man, he rather thought the cruel war would be prolonged beyond any time he could reasonably spare from his business. He therefore made the substitution. It cost him a thousand dollars, and the next day peace was declared.

In discussing the matter afterward, he confessed that, in some respects, it had not proved so nice a trip for the boys as he had anticipated; still, they had sold their lives dearly, and he had a return in the thanks of a grateful country. But there was always a lingering suspicion in his mind that the substitute had sold him a little more dearly than a proper regard for symmetry seemed to require.

WILLISTON FISH.

## THEATRE VOICES.

TO BE HEARD ANY NIGHT.

[*ORCHESTRA* stalls at the "Polyhymnia." Audience mostly assembled. NERVOUS ONE in his seat.]

USHER (*nudging NERVOUS ONE*).—Now, then, sir, let this party pass, if you please.

[NERVOUS ONE rises hastily, bumps knees, treads on hat. "Party" passes over his feet. Sits down and drops the opera-glass, which smashes.]

HIS NEIGHBOR.—Te, he!

FUSSY PATRON.—Why don't they shut that door? This draught—

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Now, if baby should wake while we are gone, what will—

HORSEY CHAP (*in down-cellars sort of growl*).—And says I: "Five to three he never saw the day he could—"

QUERULOUS SPOUSE.—Joe, what on earth did you get these seats for? I can't see a single—

USHER.—Third row, left, beyond those two—

BAD BOY.—They think I've gone to the Sunday-school concert; but I'm not that kind of—

LITTLE DARLING.—Oh, Frank, isn't it nice that Aunt Berenice couldn't come with—

THE ORCHESTRA.—Tootle-tum, tootle-tum, teel bang, bang, bang!

MUSICAL PRETENDER.—Gracious! That E-flat cornet is half-a-tone below—

HIS FRIEND (*not to be outdone*).—And that clarinet sounds worse than—

EMINENT MUSICIAN.—The clarinet's part is all rests in this passage, young man. [FRIEND collapses; MUSICAL PRETENDER shuts up.]

RETAIL DRY-GOODS DEALER (*reading programme*).—Why, Jones has the impudence to advertise here that his are the only genuine "Blue Yarn Socks," when I'm the sole—

PERFECT ANGEL (*also reading*).—"Tinteneri's Café. Open after theatre. Vienna ices and—"

HER ESCORT (*hastily*).—Gladys, what do you think of the effect of a protective tariff on— [Programme mysteriously disappears.]

[Play begins.]

HABITUE (*loudly*).—Now we'll see how Kitty does. Soubrette business isn't much in her line; but she told me—

[Several MILD STRANGERS gaze at him with admiration. He observes it, and assumes critical pose.]

THE STAGE.—The terms of me uncle's will—

GIDDY DAMSEL (*giggling*).—There, Nell, he's looking this way again—that one with the black moustache, in the balcony. Isn't he just too—

CHEAP YOUTH.—That snoozer that plays Thomas, the footman, is a reg'lar bum. He can't pay his—

THE STAGE.—Oh, sir, you know not what you say! Would you wed a poor—

DASHING FELLOW.—She can't act the part— hasn't the chic. Now, if Piggamaree was doing it, she'd—

LESS DASHING COMPANION (*never heard of Piggamaree before, but wouldn't admit it for the world*).—Aw, yes, I know! Quite a different—

THE STAGE.—Beware, Clayton Stanley, how you beard me, for I will be most horribly—

VISITING RUSTIC.—Be them real dimuns?

SECOND V. R. (*equally green, but trying to appear sophisticated*).—Them? No! Them's paste, in course. My cousin Jake knows a fellow who knows a theatre fellow, and he says—

SOLID MAN.—That's Ruggles in the left-hand box. Doesn't look like a lame duck, does he? Surprised he comes here, when the whole street knows—

THE STAGE.—Me boy, me boy, I am your long-lost—

PROFESSIONAL (*exchanging winks with actors*).—Who's that duffer doing the heavy to

"ALWAYS WITH US."



OLDEST INHABITANT.—"Ah, it does my old heart good! Everything has changed since my boyhood days—everything except the stage and its stars!"

Joe's light? The one with the velvet fakement on his—

ANOTHER PROFESSIONAL (*also winking*).—That? Why, that's Shorty Brown, who used to be a barn-stormer on the Western circuit, but got an engagement—

THE STAGE.—For heaven's sake, Courtney, do not leave me thus—

FIRST LADY.—That dress must have cost—

SECOND LADY.—Do you suppose all that hair is really—

THIRD LADY.—I wish she'd fix her dress. When she kneels it creases clear across the back breadth, and makes me feel—

THE STAGE.—Farewell, farewell forever! If in some hour of remorse—

OBSERVANT MAIDEN.—Who's that with Belle Flirtington? Why, I thought she was going to marry—

SHORT MAN (*who can see nothing*).—Every time I move my head she moves hers, so that I can't—

SOUR VIRGIN.—Well, if his wife doesn't mind his coming here alone, well and good; but if he was my husband, I would—

THE STAGE.—Proofs? Do you ask for proofs? Look on this wasted cheek, this tottering—

YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Let's go out and have a—

THEATRICAL CRITIC.—There, I'm going to Boodle's. I won't give more than a stickful to a house so saving of comps that it won't—

FAIR ENTHUSIAST.—I think he's the hand-somest man on the stage. I wish I knew whether he is married or—

THE STAGE.—For seven long years I have kept the fatal secret, but now—

UNEASY SUBURBAN.—Mary, it's twenty minutes past ten, and that last train leaves at—

HYPOCHONDRIAC.—How uncomfortable these

seats are! My left leg is awfully cramped, and it may bring on—

KNOWING NUISANCE.—Yes, it's just as I told you. I knew all the time that the Marquis had committed—

THE STAGE.—Well may you recoil! But, by all that's good, I swear—

FOND WIFE.—Put my fan in your pocket, and then help me—

FOND HUSBAND.—Eliza, you've got your foot in my hat! Great Julius—

PESSIMISTIC PERSON.—I'll bet we won't catch that blue car, if we run like—

THE STAGE.—Bless you, my children, bless you!

[General uprising, no one paying any attention to the closing tableau. Usual crush to get out in two minutes, instead of two and a half.]

(In the vestibule.)

CHORUS.—My stars!  
Oh, dear!  
The dickens!  
Great Scott!

(On the curb.)

SEMI-CHORUS.—Hack, mum? Cab, cab, sir?  
Here yar—ride right up! Step this way, ladies!  
G'ou'way, yer bloke, or I'll drive over yer!

[Universal scene of mud, mashing and malisons. Exeunt omnes.]

MANLEY PIKE.

THOMAS FRENCH, of Pepin, Wis., recently carelessly handled a keg of giant-powder with a lighted pipe in his mouth. It is to be regretted that the lesson will do him no practical good.

"HAVE YOUR real-estate sold," advises an advertiser in a daily contemporary. That is all right, but who will buy castles in Spain?

## PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

C RABBE wrote quite a long poem called "The News-paper." It is a beautiful poem, but says nothing of the tooth-powder poet, and the benefits of advertising.

We have received from MESSRS. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, the February issue of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's "Through the Year with the Poets," and it is fully up to those of December and January. Besides, it makes us feel that the winter is about at an end, and that we are listlessly drifting into a season of swallows, arbutus, sunshine, purring brooks, bluebirds, apple-blossoms, strawberry festivals, shad-roe and bacon, and all those other delightful things that follow the season of snow, opera, church fairs, slides, cyclones, snow-sildes and hot beverages, such as coffee, tea and chocolate. There are a number of valentines, but why the poorer of Calverly's two should have been selected does not seem clear. Many of the poems in the February number appear for the first time, and several were written especially for it. Among the original poems contributed to the volume is "A Valentine," by Frank Dempster Sherman, "February," by Mrs. Jane G. Austin, a short poem by Clinton Scollard, and "A February Hush," by Col. T. W. Higginson.

Capt. Howard Patterson, of the New York Navigation School, No. 26 Burling Slip, has written a book that will be highly prized by all such organizations as the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and all such individuals as Commodore Jay Gould, of the good ship *Atlanta*. This book is called "The Yachtsman's Guide," and is divided into three parts. The first is a rudimentary treatise on navigation, the second gives practical rules for it, and the third gives the rules of yacht discipline, and contains a nautical dictionary of yachting terms fifty pages in length. Young gentlemen who are desirous of airing their marine knowledge at the America's Cup races next year will do well to learn this dictionary by heart. They can then tell the difference between a staysail and a jib,

and may possibly be able to tell when a yacht is on her port tack. Capt. Patterson's book ought to be in the library of every yachtsman, for it is an invaluable book of reference to gentlemen devoted to marine sport.

Frank Stockton's latest novelette is called "A Borrowed Month." If there was such a thing possible as borrowing a month, we should borrow August in March, to break the back bone of the awful wind; and in August we should borrow January, in order to have plenty of to-bogganing and theatre-parties.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publish "Wonders of European Art," by Louis Viardot. This includes brief notices of the Spanish, German, Flemish, Dutch and French schools, none of which are half so wonderful as the American school, as M. Viardot could see for himself if he could be lassoed and dragged into the National Academy.

We have received a copy of "Short Stories By Sam Davis," from the Golden Era Company, of San Francisco. People who are fond of wholesome, refined fun will do well to invest fifty cents in this little volume. Besides the stories, there are a number of poems at the rear end of the book which go cavorting over a dozen pages with all the music of a summer brook.

## ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.

A. K. D.—Yes, we can "fix up your article to suit ourselves." We have fixed it up into a cigar-lighter.

L. R.—We have received the little article which you have "dashed off," and we have dashed it back to you by return mail.

J. B.—You say: "If you print my poem, and send me a copy containing it, I shall take it as an intimation that you want me to send you more." Well, that suits us. If

## AWKWARD.



ELEVATOR-BOY.—"She's stuck, Mum; I can't do nothin' with her. Janitor?—he's went over to Jersey, 'n he won't be back in less 'n four hours, mebbe."

[It was Aunt Sophronia and niece Hortense in the elevator, mad as March hares with one another; hadn't spoken for months. Cause, a disputed will.]

## A SOUTHRON SPEAKS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1st, 1886.

PUCK, now that the Virginia campaign is over, I write you, to post you. As you are among the brightest of newspapers, you should not be misled by illusions.

And first, John Sherman told the truth in pretty nearly every word he said about the South. The crimes, the violence and the fraud with which he charges us—for I am one of 'em—are all so. He knows the situation, and told the absolute truth—yet, not the *whole* truth.

The simple question before the Southern people is this: Shall we submit to negro supremacy? You may add as many other issues as you please, but *this* is the dominant and controlling one; and it cannot be argued or belittled away.

Do you know what negro supremacy means? As a New Yorker you *should* know, for are not you, in the metropolis, ruled over by a mob little better than the mob which threatens us? Certainly, at the South black supremacy means crime, outrage, fraud and misgovernment in their worst forms—something infinitely worse than all Sherman charges us with. It would mean the absence of all law, all justice, and the practical confiscation of our property.

Now, that sort of thing we won't consent to. We don't want to oppress the blacks, and least of all have we any notion of remanding them into any condition resembling—even remotely—slavery. Indeed, we know that by securing good, economical government for the whites, we secure it equally for the blacks. We seek to take no unfair advantage of them; at the same time, we do and shall suppress their vote whenever it threatens the governments that the whites have established.

I am conscious that I say "we" pretty frequently; but you will find the facts—if you ever care to investigate them—substantially as I have stated.

But why all this?

Only that PUCK may be put right, so that PUCK may help to educate the people of the North into accepting the idea of the necessity of the rule of the *intelligent whites* at the South, whether they are in the majority or not. You surely don't want to turn us over to the rule of savages. We are no longer rebels. We are for the flag, with or without an appropriation. We are sturdy nationalists, loyal to the back-bone. As fellow-countrymen, our right to good government should be recognized, even though to secure it we are forced to infringe upon what is termed the "sacred right of suffrage."

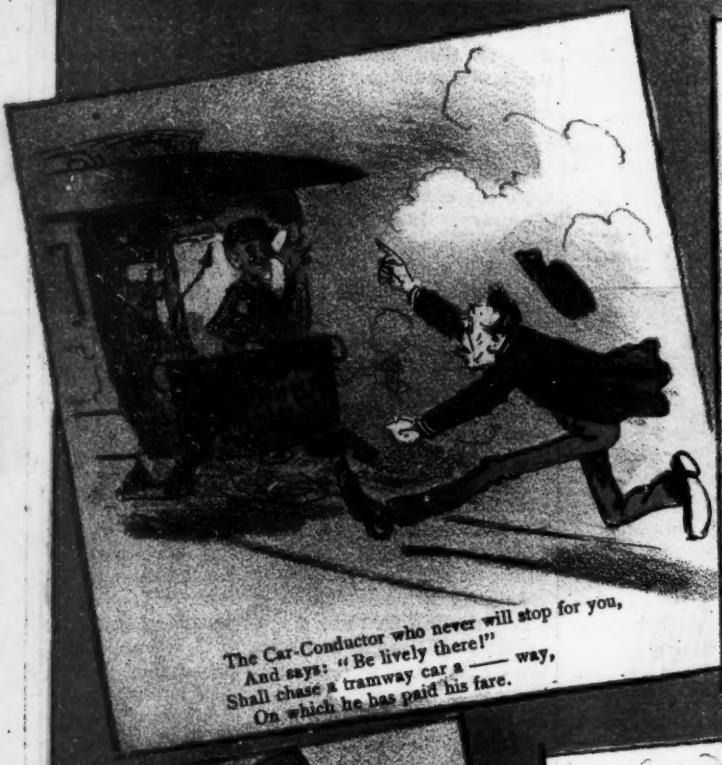
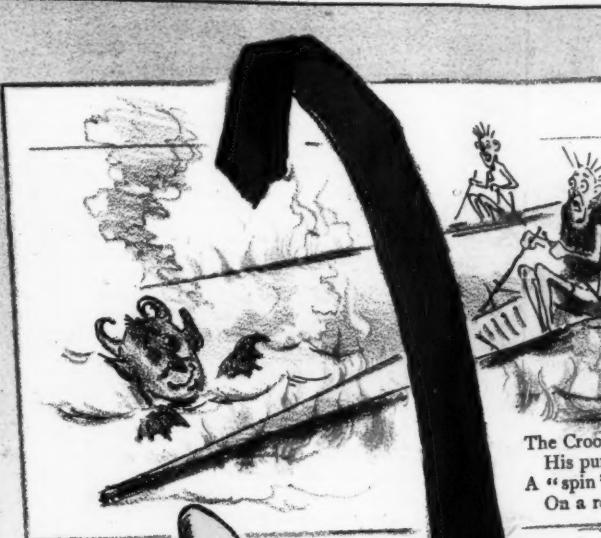
PUCK can do great good by putting such facts as I have hastily set forth before its readers, and will merit and secure the grateful thanks of many Southerns.

Yours,

I. T. CRANE.

[This is a clear, intelligent and able presentation of the opinions held by many honest and well-meaning Southerners on this question. We cannot approve the argument in favor of illegal force. But we do not wish to deny, and never have denied that the South suffers from the preponderance of an ignorant and unprincipled mass of worthless voters, black and white. Yet there are other solutions of the Southern problem than the brutal old solution of force. Education of the negroes and friendly association with them may do something. A man who writes so well as Mr. Crane ought to think well enough to think of this. ED. PUCK.]

"I WOULD RATHER be a dog, and bay at the electric-light, than be President of the United States, with a majority in both Houses against me," remarks our own private Chinese philosopher.



UCK.



## CONFessions OF A HASH-EATER.

*With Apologies to De Quincey.*

## SECTION II.

THOUGH my intellect was weakened and my digestion impaired by my fatal fondness for the seductive compound of which I have told you, my imagination did not lose its activity. On the contrary, it became excited to a state of morbid restlessness.

I was always full of wild and foreboding fancies. My waking hours were rendered miserable by this. If I saw a small girl leading a respectable pug through the streets by a string, my imagination never converted her into anything beautiful, such as Una and the lion, as a healthy poetic imagination might have done. She and the dog became for me Capital with Labor on the string, or the Blaine Republican faction leading Tammany around, a slave.

So closely did these sweet and bitter fancies haunt me that I went to the editor of a comic paper and said I wanted a position.

"Can you write?" said he.

I had never done a stroke of literary work in my life, so I naturally replied that I could not.

"Then you must be an artist," he said.

I assured him that I was not.

"Then what do you want here?"

I explained to him that I had so many of these curious fancies that if he would pay me enough salary to keep me well filled up with hash, I was sure that I could suggest several good subjects for cartoons every week.

"I will try you," he said: "here are ten cents. Go and eat a plate of hash."

Joyfully I rushed out and purchased another portion of my destroyer. In twenty minutes I had a most magnificent idea. I rushed back to the editor. I could hardly speak.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I have eaten of the destroyer," said I: "and now I have an idea."

"Well, out with it."

"How would it do to represent President Cleveland as sitting down to dinner with a great dish of hash in front of him, labeled 'office-seekers,' and trying to pick out the buttons and pennies—marked 'cheap politicians'—from the meat and potatoes—marked 'statesmen'? How does that strike you?"

"I cannot say how that strikes me; but I will show you how I am going to strike you."

And with that he pulled a club out from behind his desk, and belabored me with it until I fled in fear of losing my life.

After that I sank into a state of hopelessness. Whenever I could earn enough money to buy something to eat, I squandered it in hash. Whenever I earned enough to buy a large plate—which was fairly often, for hash was cheap—I used to gorge myself, and then hurry home.

Once there, I would throw off my clothes and sink upon the bed in a kind of stupor, which I was pleased to call sleep. It was a poor apology for "tired Nature's sweet restorer"; but I sought it gladly then, for I always dreamed.

Reader, I cannot hope to give you any idea of those wonderful dreams. They were marvelous visions. Sometimes I was borne swiftly away upon the cars of a celestial elevated railway, where the cars were always clean, the brakemen polite, and the air pure. I would be carried smoothly and speedily along past stations whose names were perfectly intelligible as the brakemen pronounced them, and where there were not more people waiting to get on the train than it could possibly hold.

Again, I would find myself in a street-car in which people were not allowed to stand in the aisle on the feet of the passengers who were sitting down. Men did not stand on the back platform and leer into the eyes of the ladies who got on and off, and the conductor never

## UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.



MISTRESS.—Maria, what are you doing?  
MARIA.—Nothing, Mum!

MISTRESS.—Well, Bridget, what are *you* doing?  
BRIDGET.—Helping Maria, Mum!

rang the bell while a passenger had only one foot on the platform.

At other times I found myself in opera-houses where the people all sat in silence and listened to the music reverently. I could not stand this dream. I tossed restlessly, and called out aloud: "Great heavens! where am I?"

Anon I was in Philadelphia; but it was no longer the Philadelphia of old. People hurried swiftly up and down Chestnut Street, as if they actually had business to attend to. They stopped talking about John Wanamaker, and loudly asserted that there was another store in town. They declared that the Government Building was not the only handsome building in the world, and that the Biddles were not the oldest family on earth. They said they had heard of New York; that it was at the other end of New Jersey, and was quite a village.

Then everything turned black before me. I had a horrible choking sensation. I felt that a fearful crushing weight was pressing on my bosom. I struggled—I screamed—I awoke; and I found that it was broad daylight, and the landlady's baby was sitting on my neck, pulling my hair.

W. J. HENDERSON.

## ARGENTA'S LAMENT.

'Tis, Evarts, thus in these sad days,  
I've seen my fondest friends behave;  
You promised me a silver speech,  
But still are silent as the grave.  
Henceforth I will not trust your vows,  
But seek my lovers in the West,  
Where mine are mines, and true hearts beat  
Beside the Senatorial Vest.

THE LAMBKIN now is bleating  
Upon the mornings fine;  
The Ethiop is beating  
Your carpet on the line;  
The whitewasher gleans shekels  
In cottage and in flat,  
And with it, somehow, speckles  
Your overcoat and hat;  
And then comes in the fellow  
Who on the horn doth blow,  
And sells with smiles most mellow  
The shad without a roe.

## TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

WE TRUST that it may be years and years before David Davis has a head-stone on one end of him and a foot-stone on the other. But when he does, and the tourist observes these marbles, he will probably think of his long-past school-days, and silently observe: "Two on a fat."

COCK-FIGHTERS ALWAYS prize March birds above all others, because they believe them to be harder and tougher than those born in other months, on account of the rigorous weather. This is also, perhaps, the reason why the spring-chicken is usually such a tough customer.

A MEDICAL JOURNAL says: "It is a rule of medicine that ill-health generally leads to suicide." This is one of the rules, we believe, that does not work both ways.

"OHIO EGGS beat the world," boasts a braggart Buckeye journal. Well! The world beats Ohio eggs. Thus, even in matters of poultry, are all things made even.

A NEW ENGLAND architect has been arrested for dishonesty. Perhaps the cost of the building exceeded the original estimates. We never heard of such things.

PEOPLE WHO are working on time will, no doubt, be made happy when reflecting that the days are now growing longer.

A HARVARD STUDENT thinks that much study is a weariness of the flesh, and takes to boxing and rowing in preference.

A GOOD NAME may be better than precious ointment; but suppose you have chapped hands!

FROM POLE TO POLE—The Clothes-Line.

A WALK-OVER—The Brooklyn Bridge.

CURRENT ITEMS—Logs and Ice.

EAST ANGELS—Houris.

## REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY PIRATE.

## THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

WHEN the Civil War broke out I enlisted in the Union army as a camp-fire poet, being persuaded that I would supply a long-felt want, and help stimulate a much-neglected branch of the service. It was my idea to follow the troops almost into battle, then take a position on an elevated point of observation, and write a stirring martial poem while the battle was in progress. When the men wavered, or indulged in violent retrogressive movements, I could call them to my side, read the finished stanzas aloud to them, and send them again to the front, overflowing with martial ardor and heroic determination. I mentioned the plan to Gen. Scott, and when I had thoroughly explained it, he was satisfied that it could be made to work.

On the morning of that memorable Sunday on which the battle of Manassas was fought, I marched forth with a battery of artillery. As we reached the battle-field, I took a position on a stump in a sequestered place, while my comrades, with an inspiring "on-to-Richmond!" cry, rushed furiously to the front. I at once arranged my writing material, furrowed my brow, and began to compose a superb ode, entitled "Freedom's Glorious Victory." The greater part of the day passed by with the din of battle sounding in my ears. Occasionally a favoring breeze would waft the grateful smoke of the conflict to my nostrils, which I found to be very stimulating and inspiring. The ode progressed finely under such auspicious circumstances.

Early in the afternoon a solitary soldier passed by me, and I at once hailed him; but instead of answering politely, he replied with an anathema and an atrocious epithet, and passed on. I was astonished to find such shocking incivility in a victorious patriot; but I continued to write. I had just gotten the advance-guard of the Union army in sight of Richmond, when a drove of steers, with their tails up, swept by me in a fierce retrogressive charge, almost knocking me over in their headlong rush. I continued to write, and had pushed a brigade of men into Richmond, and they were taking possession of the Capitol Square, when a number of our men passed by me with surprising celerity, and I noticed that they failed to keep the step as they moved along. I hailed them, but they maintained a profound silence, without abating their speed. Others passed by who were equally reticent.

It occurred to me that our men were executing a masterly change of base, or seeking to entrap the enemy with a *ruse de guerre*; but, still, the obstinate taciturnity of the troops was puzzling and mysterious. Occasionally an officer would ride by at a rate which looked like undignified precipitation, when I considered the fact that he was not moving toward the enemy. I was so puzzled that I leaped into a passing ambulance just as the rebels got in sight. I noticed that the enemy were boisterous and noisily loquacious, showing but trifling signs of the dismay and trepidation which I expected. Their faces, instead of being pale, had attained a homely and repellent shade of red.

In spite of my uncomfortable environment, I continued to write, although the swift progress of the ambulance along the rocky road interfered with the smooth evolution of poetic ideas, and sometimes made me use the wrong sort of metrical foot. Sometimes I put down a dactyl where a spondee belonged, or a trochee instead of an iambus. I made a curious discovery as our journey became more animated and exciting. I ascertained that when a poet is borne along in the tide of an excited army, executing a vehement retrogressive movement, and undertakes to write a poem on the march, he will evince an incurable propensity to use the dactylic measure.

## THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS, NO. II.



"I don't know what to do, Emily; I've looked clear through this 'Manual of Infants' Diseases and Their Cure,' and I can't find anything to fit the case at all!"

As we approached Washington, I found that I was using more dactyls than anything else; and that I frequently violated the plainest rules of metrical composition. Some of the lines contained nineteen feet, while others were lopped off in the middle.

When I reached Washington, I was satisfied that the poem was not suitable for publication. I showed it to several friends, and their opinions coincided with my own. The production was so irregular in form and so startling in some of its flights and similes that I feared it would not be received with enthusiasm. Moreover, the historical statements of the poem differed so widely from the newspaper reports, that I feared its publication might arouse an acrimonious controversy. I therefore destroyed the battle-born child of my brain. Thereafter I thought it best to write war poetry at a distance from the petty annoyances of the battlefield; so I removed to Philadelphia, and stayed there till the Gettysburgh campaign, when I moved to Bangor, Me., to enjoy greater seclusion and privacy.

HORACE SPONDEE,

per J. A. MACON.

## PARTICULAR POINTS.

DRESSING in the morning with the mercury at twenty degrees below zero, and no fire in the room, may be called a cold deck.

"GEORGE LE BLANCHE, known in pugilistic circles as 'The Marine,' used to work in a livery-stable," says a sporting item. Ah, a horse-marine, then?

INDICATIONS POINT TO an increased rate of mortality among umpires the coming base-ball season. Kansas City has been admitted to the League, and cow-boys are notoriously intolerant and hot-headed.

"IS IT womanly to vote?" asks a writer in a woman's journal, and then proceeds to answer herself in the affirmative. While disliking to say anything derogatory to the ballot, which is the palladium of our liberty, I am fain to confess that it does seem rather foolish to vote, sometimes.

AND SO, Rufus, you have thought of a "good one," have you, and want me to send it to PUCK? Well, let us see. Ugh! Rufus, it makes my flesh creep. But, horrible though it is, there does seem to be something in it. So here goes:

FUNERAL BAKED MEATS—The "Stiffs" in a Crematory.

THE BOSTON *Herald* recently had a leader on "A New Call for Mugwumps." No, thanks. If the old bray is good enough for the other donkeys, it is good enough for me. Now, here is a case of *Pooh-Bah*. I, as a humorist, have basely insulted myself as a Mugwump. Therefore, as a gentleman of honor, I must knock myself down. Having knocked myself down, I shall be obliged, as a law-abiding citizen, to hand myself over to the police, and appear against myself in court. I begin to wish I hadn't said it.

EKE YOUNG.

THE folly of teaching a boy Latin before he has any idea of English grammar is pretty well illustrated by a youngster, who recently concluded that the Queen's English could be improved. One of his arguments is that if "memoranda" is the plural of "memorandum," "anacondum" should be the singular of "anaconda," and "ibices" the plural of "ibex." Another is that the male bird of the species mentioned by Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner" should be called, as he called it, the albatross, and the female the albatrrix. The boy is funny when he speaks of "blunderbuss" and "blunderbussi"; but perhaps he acquiesces with the greater part of the bakery when, in comparing the merits of "The Mikado's" many *Yum Yums*, he alludes to these ravishing beauties as *Ya Ya*.



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"WHAT? Women overworked? Fudge! Think of the men!"

"Ah, but you know the old saying, 'Woman's work is never done.'"

"I know it, and that's the reason she oughtn't to complain. Now, a man has to do his work or lose his job." — *Chicago News*.

THE employees of McCormick's great reaper-works in Chicago have struck, because he refused to discharge five moulders who did not belong to the union. This is a free country; but it would be just as reasonable and sensible for two or three hundred workmen to strike because their employers did not belong to their political party—or for a manufacturer to discharge his men because they were not members of his political organization. — *Norristown Herald*.

"WHICH is right, Edward, 'the wages of sin is death,' or 'the wages of sin are death'?"

"Neither, Annabel; the wages of sin is wealth." — *Philadelphia Call*.

"I see a star, Eve's first born, in whos train  
Comes the damp twilight that bringeth pain.  
For aches of head, euralgia, cut and bruise,  
Try Salvation Oil, these you will lose."

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Pursued a hawg  
Into the bawg,  
And leaped a lawg  
Where sat a frawg  
With eyes agawg.  
But my good dawg,  
Intent on hawg,  
Kept on his jawg  
And missed that frawg.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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"Brakeman," said a passenger, as he took in the town at a glance: "are you sure this is Liberty?"

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"Why, no' sir; what place did you think it was?"

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Are communicated to the mouth by

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which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

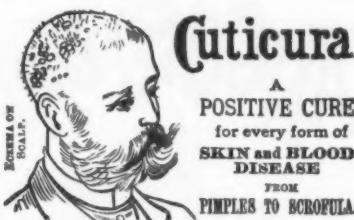
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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
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AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION,  
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Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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OF

**HOREHOUND AND TAR****For Persons of All Ages.**

A wonderful Cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption.

IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic. IT CURES, in fact,

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its great efficacy HAS BEEN PROVED and its superiority extensively ACKNOWLEDGED.

Children derive great benefit from its sooth-ing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough. Every family should keep it in readiness. Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle—largest, cheapest. Sold by all Druggists

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**Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.**

German Corn Remover Cures Corns and Bunions.

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An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops in a delicious flavoring or a glass of Champaigne add to all sorts of drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

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PILE. Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy. Free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau Street, New York. 440

A PRIZE. Send 6c for postage for free copy of goods which will help all to more money than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE Avtagagdlivit Nalinginnarmik Tysaruminasassumik Unickat is the euphonious title of a journal started in Greenland. News-boys refuse to cry it on the streets for less than ten dollars a day and a pair of steel-plated jaws.—Norristown Herald.

WOMAN (to tramp).—"If you'll shovel off the sidewalk, an' saw that pile o' wood, an' pump a tub o' water, an' fill the wood-box, I'll give ye a cold bite when you get through."

Tramp (sadly).—"Madam, if I were to put anything cold on my stomach after all that exercise, I would have a fit of indigestion that would stagger the whole medical profession. I am not an ostrich, Madam, nor an Englishman. Good-morning."—Harper's Bazaar.

A DAILY newspaper has been started in Greenland. During the year when the days are three months long, the editor doesn't get down to the office until three weeks after breakfast, and stops work two months before sundown.—Norristown Herald.

ROSINA VOKES had a watch stolen in Chicago. It is a great come-down. An actress who cannot lose ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds cannot be considered a great artist in Chicago.—New Orleans Picayune.

"WHEN I lived in Kansas," said a Detroiter, who was telling stories in an insurance office a few days ago: "I insured my house with an agent against fire. Along came another agent who insured against lightning, and I took that in. In a few days a chap called on me who insured against cyclones, and I struck a bargain with him. The next caller insured against water-spouts and explosions, and I thought I might as well encourage him."

"A house couldn't be much safer than that," remarked one of the listeners.

"And yet I lost it inside of six months."

"How could it be?"

"Well, there came a freshet in the river, and house, barn, fences, haystacks and all went sailing down-stream. The agent who insured against freshets got there just one day too late."—Detroit Free Press.

CATARH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East 15th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge. 413

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## CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

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It kills Dandruff, promotes the Growth of the Hair, cures Scald Head and all Irritation of the Scalp.

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The superiority of Burnett's Flavering Extracts consists in their perfect purity & great strength.

510

Burnett's Flavering Extracts  
is manufactured.

SOME women in boxes at the opera look as if sitting up in bath-tubs.—*New York Mail and Express.*

"My motto is 'Live and let live,'" said the soldier, as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battle-field.—*Boston Courier.*

How would it do for some of the men in the theatre to put on their tall hats, just to see how the women would like it?—*Philadelphia Call.*

A BETHLEHEM editor has resolved to prefix "Mr." to nobody's name hereafter. Now, if the Kentucky editor were to resolve to prefix "Col." to no man's name hereafter, he could get along with several fonts less of type.—*Norristown Herald.*

"How is your son doing, Mr. Smith, who went to New York a few years ago?"

"He has made a name for himself," said Mr. Smith.

"Indeed? In what way?"

"I understand he calls himself Smythe."—*New York Sun.*

A PARIS paper, in a sketch of the late Mr. Vanderbilt, states that he made his money in oil-wells and mines. This will surprise those persons who are laboring under the impression that Mr. Vanderbilt made his wealth by conducting a puzzle department in a country weekly, and blowing the big horn in a brass-band.—*Norristown Herald.*

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate Valuable in Indigestion.

Dr. DANIEL T. NELSON, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

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and Dryness.

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SOLE AGENTS,

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That, after five thousand years of study and practice, physicians are still unable to cure such common ailments as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney troubles, etc.?

Common sense convinces one that something must be wrong. Other branches of science, surgery, dentistry, etc., have achieved wonderful results, while medicine still remains to a great extent an experiment. Thinking people are exclaiming: Why all these injurious drugs? Why all these large bills and yet no cure? Surely the doctor ought to tell me after his five thousand years of profound study. Can it be he is still groping in the dark? Let us take an illustration: Here is an ordinary headache, known to the doctor since Adam's time, and yet what physician in Europe or America can cure it?

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In twelve months how much do you spend for medicines? In twelve months how much do you pay your doctor? \$10.00, yes, \$100.00.

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Now will you keep right on spending such sums, or will you try, at no risk of money, a simple and most agreeable remedy, lasting for years, and

#### Be Cured Quickly!

\$2.00 or \$5.00, you say, is a round sum, but what do you pay a doctor for two or three visits? You

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Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have entirely cured me of muscular rheumatism. It has also cured a severe case of headache and female trouble of eighteen years' standing.

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I have an invalid sister who had not been dressed for a year. She has worn Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets two weeks and is now able to be dressed and sit up most of the time.

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I suffered from kidney, liver, and nervous troubles for twelve years. Dr. Scott's Electric Belt entirely cured me, after all other remedies had failed. His Electric Hair Brush has cured my neuralgia.

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Probably never, since the invention of Corsets, has so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets and Belts. They are worn daily in over eight thousand families in the city of New-York alone.

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Dr. Scott's Belt recently sent to O. K. It has done me much good in a short time than all the medicine I have taken in my life.

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in quality and design. They are elegant in shape and finish, made after the best French pattern, and warranted satisfactory in every respect. Those who have tried them say they will wear no others. Most of the above applies equally well to the Electric Belt for gents or ladies.

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